

DARKNESS.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the setting sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
But the heart but one;
Yet the light of the whole life dies
When love is done.
—New York Press.

ONE SIDE OF A TALK.

A windy November evening closed in dark and dismal, threatening wild weather in the night. The tea things put away early, we gathered around the fire, each of us in chosen cozy corner, for a long, quiet evening, listening to the wind and the surf, half looking for a shipwrecked crew to come to us, when brisk footsteps sounded outside and our friend Robinson, Crusoe bounded in, leather jacket and fishing boots dripping with rain and salt spray, his cheeks glowing and his black eyes snapping with fun.

We all started up with the same quick question of what was the matter, fancying all sorts of mishaps to his lighthouse or his dory to account for his appearance in the storm and darkness from the farther side of the always rough channel. But he seated himself serenely near the door, merely saying by way of answer: "Well, how's things over your way? Thank you, marm, I won't come no nearer the fire; I'll sit right down here with my boots, so's not to mus yer floor up none," hanging his sleek wet fur cap on his knee to drip and to dry.

"That plaguy dory of mine, she leaks like thunder. Dunno how she'll stand it, laying to your wharf in this way o' the wind, while I set. But I guess she won't damage none but what I can git across in her. Tain't only a couple o' miles away."

His shaggy black hair dried in a tangle as he talked, smoothed down from time to time by a hand sent aloft when not fidgeting with his buttons, or the chair, or his cap.

"I dunno how my man Friday'll get along while I'm gone. He's kinder scat o' that little tower o' mine, an' don't he hate wuss'n pison havin' me gone! By thunder! But ef he ain't old enuf ter stay alone nights while I'll tell him he'd better gettin him another job. Lord! he's forty-one, an' me goin on twenty-five! An' I ain't scat. Oh, he's a big fool! It's his watch till 12 tonight, anyway, an' he can make the old gal go well enough ef he's a mind to an' don't go ter dickerin with the machinery."

There was a shade of anxiety in his tone; he rose and tiptoed heavily to the window, peering out to catch a glimpse of his faraway light.

"There she goes," he said. "She's all right. Red, ten; white, five; oh, I guess the old boy knows what he's about, but he's such an old fool, really, he don't know half the time which side his bread's buttered."

Sitting down again he stretched one leg out, while he dragged up from the depths of his trousers pocket a letter wrapped in newspaper.

"I come over to see if I could borrow a postage stamp," he said; then suddenly laughed aloud at his thoughts.

"Jim's so scat I didn't say a darned word how I was comin off after supper. I jest set him washin dishes, and that takes all the mind he's got, an' I snuck out an let the dory fly; an when she struck the water he come a-bustin out the door on deck; thinks I'd fell overboard, ye know; and I sings out, pullin in—I says, 'Goodby, Jim, says I, 'I'm goin ter leave yer now; an my Lord! he stomped int the entry and slammed the door to. Choking mad, he was. My Lord! guess he hain't got over a-cussin yet! Allus says when I do somethin out o' common, says he, 'Deuced tomfoolery,' says he; and Crusoe buffeted his cap in a tumult of boyish glee.

"When I git back he'll be awful glad, but he ain't a-goin ter let on, mind; he thinks I hain't got but half an eye, anyhow, an ain't never up to his tricks. But I know him, sir—marm, like a book! He'll let me haul the old dory up single handed an think he's takin his spite out that way, but, good Lord! I kin run all 'round him, as far as tricks goes. Why, it don't take more mind than I've got in my collar button to git 'roun ole Friday. Don't none no reel harm, nor I don't never reel hurt him, but he is sich an old fool I like to hector him some. Ef it blows a haf a puff o' wind he's scat or the tower tumbin down."

"That night it blowed so—it's two weeks come next Monday—I tell yer the old gal shook, an that's a fact. But, my gracious! she's as tight as the hair on yer head, an don't scare me none. But when we was to supper, an the seas was a-bagin an a-bustin on her, and the dishes a-rattlin, I jest hit the table leg a clip an says solemn ter Jim, I says, 'Jim, we're a-goner' an he up an down a-prayin. 'Oh, what'll we do?' says he. An I says, 'Jim,' says I, 'mebbe she'll fall to landward,' I says, an by gosh! wasn't he mad when he ketchin on!"

"I ben washin today. Did yer see my washin out? Washed and ironed same day. See my shirt? Ain't it clean! Can't I wash good?" he asked brightly, standing up and throwing open his jacket, beating his breast, as if we, too, might come forward if we would and smite upon his manly shirt front.

A fine deep red surged up in his weather beaten cheeks in pride of performance. "We git done terrible quick, we do. Shove the table up 'longside the stove an let her go. Hain't got but one flatiron, so I drive her awhile, an then Jim, when she's hot again. But don't Jim make a kick, though! My Lord! Says his'n good enough ef he folds 'em an sets on 'em awhile, but I don't want no man run me that don't iron his clogs good, an I keep him at it, an while he's jawin I jest keep ter leeward an lay quiet."

"I'm a terrible good washer an ironer myself, but it's menden gits me. I've got a hole in the heel o' this sock I've got on now, an kills me to wear a hole. An blamed ef I kin sew it up. An buttons ef—can't go that neither; I've got three

off'n these pants I've got on, but I can't sew 'em on. You bust your buttons off, terrible, hangin on that ole dory o' mine, up an down ev'ry time yer use her; an tain't 'nuff fer me to, but Jim, he's got to go a-bustin 'em off my clogs 'cos he hain't got 'nuff of his own to his back. I couldn't never learn to sew, somehow. I'll tell yer how it is—it's this way: You take a piece o' cloth, an you clap a button onto one side of it, an then you go to work an try to navigate through from t'other side with a needle, an ef you don't stave the point off ev'ry single time I'll swaller it!"

"Old lady down to Moose island, where I come from last winter's done my button sewing fer two years back, an comes kinder rough on me doing of it myself. Jim had oughter to know how to sew, didn't he now? But he don't. I says to him sometimes, 'Jim,' I says, 'you'd orter be ashamed, big ez you be, an can't sew.' But don't do no good, only makes him madder 'n a settin hen. Allus does when I get foul er any o' his lacks. But he's a good feller, Jim is, ony he ain't never brought up right. It makes a lot o' difference to a feller whether he's been brought up."

Friday's critic was spread out at comfortable length in his chair, worrying his fur cap tirelessly as he talked.

"I don't mean that kind o' fetchin up the big bugs set out to have," he explained, warming up to a new idea. "My gracious! there's one or two houses I go into sometimes, summer folks down to Moose island, in town for winters. I ben to 'em. I know how they done! Yer can't tell me! Why, I gwin there while an seems ez ef I should dwup thro' the ruf, makes me so deuced uncomfortable. So stan up an p'ticler them kind o' folks is, yer can't fetch a step but what yer come down on some er their notions. Good Lord! in some of them rixocratic houses yer have ter split a bean 't eat it. Ef I want sum'n 't eat I druther eat off'n the floor than be so awful slow and mannery. Now, I like to come over here, yer don't have ter act anyhow."

"Now, I'll tell yer, did yer ever notice," (balancing his cap on one fist and beating it around and around with the other) "it's jest this way—sometimes yer have an awful sight better time when it don't cost nothin than ye do when it does. That's what's the matter. Now I'll tell yer. I set out to go to Yarmouth on a Sunday to see my cousin, Maria Collins, an so I staid over till Monday. Well, I'll be blamed ef I ever hed a better time in my life; an do ye believe, the whole thing didn't cost fifteen cents. Nor I couldn't tell ter save me what I done, only set roun an luffed, an I dunno what I was laff'n at. Maria's a tearer and she makes things hum—an so's her children. Terrible nice children."

"I've ben places where I'd git rid of fifteen dollars an wisht all the whole time I hadn't went. There's lots o' things yer pay for that's poor investments, I say—specially parties and presents. Now I'll tell yer. I went to a party down to Moose Neck, an me an other feller we laid out five dollars for the two of us, an blamed ef it warn't a clean fizzle. My boots was too small, pinched awful, an there was too many girls. Ef there's one thing I hate, it's too many girls at a party. An I hain't went to another party since. An just see what I laid out, now, compared to Maria's, an didn't get no lastin satisfaction!"

"I guess I'll be goin now. Jim he'll be cussin an jawin an lookin out the door ev'ry little while 't see ef I'm comin, but soon ez I heave in sight under them tower steps, he'll in and slam the door an make believe not know I'm aroun. Oh, he's a sly one, Jim is. Well, good night; I guess I'll be goin. Hope to see you over to my house, some o' these nice nights. Well, I stan up it's a call, an ef ye set down it's a visit. Well, I guess I'll be goin. Good night!" —Boston Transcript.

A Fortunate Greenhorn.
"When I came to this country," said a merchant recently, "I was a lad fresh from old Ireland. My first home was with friends in Cambridge. In one of my walks, before I had been here a week, I came across a queer, old fashioned house that interested me immensely. I described it to my friends, and learned that it was the home of the poet Longfellow. That increased my interest."

"The next day I went again to the queer house and stood gawking looking at it and at an old gentleman sitting in the yard. I stared so long that the old gentleman noticed it, and coming to the fence asked me what I was looking at. I told him that I wanted to see the man who lived there, because I had read his works in the schools of Ireland."

"The old gentleman asked me what I knew about Longfellow's writings, and I told him I knew enough about one poem to repeat every word of it."

"When he heard that he asked me to come into the house and recite the poem to him. I went in and repeated 'The Village Blacksmith' without making a mistake. That pleased my listener, and putting on his hat he asked me to walk with him. He said that I should have something that many people had asked for and tried in vain to get."

"He stopped under a big tree and said: 'This is the tree under which that poem you recited was written. The village smithy was under this tree.'"

"Then the aged poet marched up and with his own hand broke off a branch of that famous tree and gave it to me." —Boston Herald.

Cups Used by Tea Tasters.

The tea cups used by tea merchants in tasting tea are made especially for the purpose of the finest French china and have no handles or saucers. The cups are carefully weighed out and placed in the cups, when boiling water is poured on them. Tea tasters nowadays depend more upon the odor than the taste of tea and some of the most expert do not taste them at all, but rely entirely upon smelling them. —Philadelphia Ledger.



Mrs. Amanda Paisley

For many years an esteemed communicant of Trinity Episcopal church, Newburgh, N. Y., always says "Thank You" to Hood's Sarsaparilla. She suffered for years from Eczema and several sores on her face, head and ears, making her death nearly a year, and affecting her sight. To the surprise of her friends.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has effected a cure and she can now hear and see as well as ever. For full particulars of her case send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in condition, proportion and appearance.

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In Crockery and House-furnishing Goods.

Pepper and Salts, 3c. ea.
Butter Dishes (glass), . . . 9c. ea.
Cup and Saucer (gilt band), . . . 12c. ea.

Fancy Fruit Plates, . . . 12c. ea.
Berry and Ice Cream Sets (7 pieces), 45c. set.

Bamboo Easels, 45c. ea.
Cuspidors (decorated china), . . . 50c. ea.

Teaspoons (German silver), . . . 50c. set.
Teaspoons (Rogers' triple-plate), \$1.00 set.

Russell's Triple-plate Knives, . . . \$1.43 set.
Gas Stoves (2 burner), . . . \$1.75.

Toilet Sets (10 pieces, decorated), \$1.98.
Banquet Lamp, with shade complete, \$2.25.

Oil Stove, (2 burner, double), . . . \$2.45.
Clocks (eight-day cathedral gong), \$3.50.

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An abstract of the Annual Report made January 1, 1892, to the Board of Control of the State of New Jersey, and filed in the Department of the Secretary of State in pursuance of law.

STATEMENT JANUARY 1, 1892.

RESOURCES.
Bonds and mortgages . . . \$150,400 00
Real Estate 3,000 00
U. S. and other bonds . . . 31,284 00
Interest due and accrued . . . 4,040 03
Office furniture, etc. 800 00
Cash in bank and office . . . 12,975 97

LIABILITIES.
Due depositors (including interest) . . \$200,367 94
Surplus 17,531 05

\$217,899 00

Interest is credited to depositors on the first day of January and July in each year for the three and six months then ending. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January, April, July, and October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal and bears interest accordingly.

JOSEPH E. DODD, Treasurer.

IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

To Richard Duncan Harris and Mrs. Richard Duncan Harris.
By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date of this order, and in a cause wherein Elizabeth F. R. Laing, heretofore a co-defendant, and you are defendants, you are required to appear and plead, demur or answer the complainant's bill, on or before the seventeenth day of August next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed to foreclose a mortgage, made by Annie A. Baxter and Thomas B. Baxter to complainant, dated May first, 1888, on lands in the township of Bloomfield in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey; and you are made defendants because you Richard Duncan Harris own the mortgaged premises, and you Mrs. Richard Duncan Harris have an inchoate dower right therein.

GEORGE R. DUTTON,
Solicitor for Complainant, Englewood, N. J.
June 16, 1892.

May 19, 1892.

ESTATE OF MARY JANE YOUNG, DECEASED.—Pursuant to the order of John B. Dunsberry, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned Executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscriber under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM CADMUS.

DAWKINS

Is opposite the New Town Committee Rooms and Tax Collector's Office, three doors south of the new Post-office.

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FANCY GOODS,
NOTIONS, ETC.

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Copy Books, Composition Books, Pads, Pens, Penholders, Lead and Slate Pencils, Pencil Sharpeners, Erasers, Rulers, Crayons, Chalk, Ink, Muellage, Pencil Boxes, School Bags, etc.

Patronage respectfully solicited.

Martin J. Callahan,
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Flagging, Curbing and Paving.

A supply of Door-steps, Window-sills and Caps, and Cellar Steps constantly on hand.

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PAINTER.

Wall and Ceiling Painting, Frescoing, Marbleing, Kalsomining, Glazing, etc.; also Papering and Decorating Done in the Best Manner.

Will be pleased to show my sample book of New Designs of Papers for 1892. Samples of all different grades, with borders and friezes to match.

I will maintain my reputation for prompt and careful attention to all orders.

GUSTAV BRUETT,
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Plain and Ornamental Gardener,

Grading, Curbing, Stones Set, Draining, Flag Walks Laid, Macadamizing, Grounds Laid out, Furniture and Pianos Carefully Moved.

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Special attention given to Moving Furniture and all kinds of Team Work.

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Ice Cream and Ices,
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4 00 down and \$1 00 weekly on 50 00 worth.
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8 00 down and 1 25 weekly on 100 00 worth.
12 00 down and 1 50 weekly on 150 00 worth.
16 00 down and 2 00 weekly on 200 00 worth.

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to Close Out the Balance of Spring Stock.

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25 pieces Body Brussels Carpet, reg. price per yard \$1.15 Reduced to \$1.05
25 pieces 3-ply Carpet, reg. price per yard \$1.00 Reduced to 75cts
25 pieces All-Wool Ingrain Carpet, reg. price per yard 75c. Reduced to 60cts
Low-Priced Ingrain Carpet, per yard Only 35cts

Carpets!

Bedroom Suits.

25 Antique Oak Bedroom Suits, reg. price \$30.00 Reduced to 22.50
25 Antique Oak Bedroom Suits, reg. price \$35.00 Reduced to 27.00

Parlor Suits.

25 Parlor Suits, in plush covering, reg. price \$45.00 Reduced to 35.00
25 Parlor Suits, in rug covering, reg. price \$50.00 Reduced to 42.50

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